NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY,
AND
BOSTON MERCURY.

NO. 672. BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1829. VOL. XII.

OTIS CLAPP,
FOR FREDERIC S. HILL.

WILLIAM HASTINGS AND THOMAS B. HAWLEY—PRINTERS.

MISCELLANIES.

From the Virginia Minerva.

BLONDEL AND RICHARD LIONHEART.

"King Richard is the hero.
"That is found in every passage."
Professor to *Richard Cœur de Lion.*
A. D. 1200.

The universality of the tale, that Richard, *Cœur de Lion*, owed his liberty when imprisoned in Germany, to the zeal and fidelity of his minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, has always been questioned. M. Sismondi, in his "*Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe*," has asserted that "the poetical dialogue had been preserved, which might have been some confirmation of an anecdote in which we are so willing to give credit. A German version of the Romaun was given in 1777, by Professor Wieland, along with the whole story, of which the following is a translation; and which, although somewhat romantic, seems to have the air of probability.

Richard, surnamed *Lionheart*, (*Cœur de Lion*,) King of England, of the house of Plantagenet, Anjou, and second son of king Henry the Second, ascended the English throne in the year 1189. A short while before this, the magnanimous Saladin, after the celebrated battle of Tiberias, had again taken possession of Jerusalem and his holy sepulchre, (which, through the pernicious fanaticism of chivalric times, became the grave of seven hundreds of thousands of Christians,) and thereby inflamed Europe with a general zeal to again remove the disgrace that, by this loss, accorded to the mode of representation of the time, had befallen all christendom. In King Richard, the boldest and chivalrous prince of his time, this became a most violent passion. In that land of pecuniary scarcity, in order to raise the money necessary for his intended crusades, he disposed of as much of the domains, revenue and rights of the crown as he was able. "I would sell London," said he, "if I could find a purchaser." King Philip Auguste, of France, joined in the enterprise; and if he, from his personal character and rank, believed he had the right of assuming Agamemnon amongst the united princes of the crusaders, so had Richard, in the same light, all the personal virtues and defects of playing the part of Achilles.

Richard's romantic intrepidity and love of glory had gained him the surname of "*Lionheart*," and made him the hero of one of the most remarkable chivalric works of the thirteenth century. In Sismondi's "*History of English Poetry*," to which we are so willing to give credit. A French romance of this Richard

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY

BOSTON MERCURY.

"I will write a petit'ol in to my wife-book."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

ADVENTURES OF LOSING HALF AN HOUR,

IN THE CONVEYANCE OF A DEAFNEY HEP.

Half an hour is no great affair, but the loss of it has somewhat disturbed the events of my whole life; it has marred my plans, bewildered my cogitations, bothered my wits, and helped my trip a Gardner kept of troubles the whole round of my career. This is a lamentable fate, and enough to subject grumblers from a stole. One would imagine the persons on whom so heavy a let had fallen, to be a class of no ordinary degree; but I beg leave to reject any such supposition. I cannot think I have practised any extraordinary enormities. True, it is charged upon me that I am given to procrastination, that I put off every thing till it is too late, and therefore meet with nothing but disappointment. But I ought not to be blamed for this, like the hare's trick of stumbling, it is my misfortune, not my fault.

The truth of the matter is, and all conscientious people will acknowledge it sufficient to clear me from blame—I came into the world just half an hour too late. This lost half hour never has been able to recover. All my efforts to get thirty minutes ahead of the time, but all my efforts have been in vain. I am behind in every beat, and put out of breath in racing with the old man with the scythe and hour-glass. As for catching him by the forelock, it is out of the question, though I have been able to effect was to make a snatch at his queue. But there is no catching him, he is always ahead, running, running.—

Fugit irreparabile Tempus.

At the outset of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, rode me regularly at Squire Jones' door, and twenty times home I have walked a mile's breadth of popping the question. But ever I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, I'll pop it to her, with her mouth nothing begun or ended. It started at the chorus, and, wherever, comes a understand of time and other bonds, encompassing and pinching parts every which way, about the finer.

By the Bye! if Sally Jones is'n't a real gem, then there's no such. She fought this, however, I must own, and rather tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she giggled handsomely,—Her eyes fell down by her sides, her head dropped back, her face shone, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plump mouth all in the air. Lord! did ye ever see a Cupid peeping over a gaping cabin? Or a bumblebee upon a flower bud?—can't say nothing.

Blame it, how a boat will crank, of a still frosty night. Mrs. Smith was about that way between asleep and awake, "Thank goes my sweet bottle," said she to herself, "I have twenty hundred pleats, and my bread is all dough again."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, rode me regularly at Squire Jones' door, and twenty times home I have walked a mile's breadth of popping the question. But ever I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, I'll pop it to her, with her mouth nothing begun or ended. It started at the chorus, and, wherever, comes a understand of time and other bonds, encompassing and pinching parts every which way, about the finer.

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It was my lot to be born of a rich mother, though she was in truth somewhat of a sequence that added. Whether circumstances I owe the happiness of dying in years of I did.

The first object that greeted my view on my entrance into the world was a frightful bobbish of colour. I opened my eyes and found myself in the arms of a most hideous old granny. I shuddered and burst into a fit of crying.

In good truth I did not let this thrash at it from the moment. A great fat fellow next took me up, and examining his specimen, gave me a pretty sharp remembering with a view to discover whether I bore any resemblance to himself. This worthy was indeed really my papa. Presently he threw me down, and a troop of persons taken into the room exclaiming, "an *hale!* an *hale!*" Directly afterwards I found myself in the hands of a young woman who fell to kissing and hugging me at such a rate that the breath was nearly squeezed out of my body.

To add to my comforts the old granny stretched me up again, and pinched me into my habiliments so snugly as one would roll up a bale of linen. I could not move a limb, tied and swathed as I was for within all locomotive compass. What pain did I not suffer! And though I squalled inexpressibly, nobody cared for it. Each one attributed my discontent to some cause or other, but the right cause never entered one of their heads.

It would not do, as they all thought, to give my mother trouble, and spoil her health by forcing her to bring me up; so I was turned over to a nurse. This good woman to relieve her own labor and set me to sleep, stowed me away in a sort of box and gave me so terrible a thrashing from side to side that my little brains were turned, and fairly jolted over and over. The more I cried, the more was I shaken; so at last I dropped into a swoon. A couple of doctors were sent for, and after a long and learned dispute, came to a decision to administer a specially bitter draught for my disorder. The medicine proved so efficacious, that in a few hours I was set free from tight clothes, cradles, doctor's stuff, and all other miseries that flesh is heir to.

In this manner did I escape the martyrdom of nursing, the domination of servants till five years old; of pedants till twenty; of women till thirty; and of a wife till sixty; so say nothing of the plagues of ambition, the envy of friends, the malice of enemies, and countless other matters not to be avoided by those who have the misfortune not to die at the age of three days or thereabouts.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances at the Federal-street Theatre have been tolerably well attended. The boxes have presented a fashionable appearance, though the other parts of the house have been very scantily filled. *Tancred* has been twice played, and the *Barber of Seville*, once. Opinions upon the merits of the music are very far from harmonizing. Some persons have expressed their unmeasured dislike of the whole,—others, who pretend to the possession of immense taste and science, are in raptures. All, however, agree in awarding to the orchestra, the warmest praise. Indeed, we have never heard any thing in Boston equal to it. It is unusually full, embraces talent of a high order in each department, and is conducted by an active and skilful leader.

A few words as to *Tancred*. The hero of this piece was sustained by Madame Brichta, who is very far from being equal to the part,—which requires spirit, power and a good knowledge of stage business, to render it agreeable. In neither of these qualities did Madame Brichta equal our expectations.

Madame Feron, who enacted *Amenaide*, is worthy of great praise. But for her this opera would have been unworthy of our approbation; but her bold and striking execution of brilliant passages, and the truth of her expression in the sorrowing strains were sufficient to redeem much that was indifferent in the scenes where she had no part.

Ferri is too heavy and ungraceful for the lover, and Angrisani, though respectable in the ruffian-rival for the love of *Amenaide*, lacked energy and dignity.

On Wednesday night the *Barber of Seville* was brought out, with Rosich as *Dr. Bartolo*, in which he afforded much amusement. He is a meritorious buffo singer, and his comic acting, though rather extravagant, is unexceptionably sufficient.

Madame Feron, as *Rosina*, gave some very beautiful touches of playful acting in that capital scene where, after a long conversation with *Figaro*, in which he dictates to her the style of such a letter as she ought to write to *Almaviva*, she produces a billet-doux already prepared for the messenger; and in that still more laughable one in which she baffles the attempts of *Bartolo* to discover what child to whom she has been writing, during his absence from the room. Her voice was in excellent order, and she sung with great applause.

On the whole this opera, though somewhat too long, went off with a much better grace than *Tancred*, that medley of heroic nonsense, the ridiculous plot and dialogue of which are hardly to be endured with patience, though it be accompanied by the splendid compositions of Rossini.

Mr. Grotinger. We are sorry to learn that an article in our last number has affected the feelings of the very worthy man whose name is at the head of this paragraph.—He may rest assured that we have too great a regard for the many good qualities of his character, and too high an opinion of his professional talents, to allow ourself intentionally, to do him wrong. Our theatrical notice, in which he was casually mentioned, was written in perfect good humor, and nothing was further from our thoughts than the design of giving him the slightest cause for complaint against us.

We make this statement with a design to exculpate ourself from the charge of malice and to allay any unkind disposition which Mr. G. himself may entertain towards us. As for the blustering of two or three individuals who, we are informed, took a deep interest in the affair, we beg leave to inform them, and we would do it without value of terms boasting, that they have made a mistake, if they imagine we are to be *intimidated* into an apology, as their conversations would seem to imply. What we have said above, is from a sense of duty,—for we are never ashamed to make reparation for injuries we may have done, whether wittingly or not;—but as to being compelled to do even what we know to be right, we are strongly inclined to believe that we might be stubborn in case of emergency, though we are by no means of a very obstinate disposition.

NATIVE ELOQUENCE.

Every body has read and laughed at the graphic description which Daniel Crockett is said to have given of a grand dinner at Washington to which he was invited when he first went to Congress. Every body, moreover, recollects how the fun created by the perusal of this rich morceau came near being spoiled by a puny sensible letter which the honorable member addressed to some newspaper editor, in which he positively averred that the account published of upon the public as the effusion of his, was the much invention of an enemy, who loved a good joke too well to run the risk of spoiling it by putting his name to it as the truth. Now whether or not Mr. Crockett will think it worth while to deny the authorship of another speech which we have just met with in a Louisiana paper, we have

unable to foresee,—at any rate, it is too good to be lost, and here it is:—

"The honorable Mr. Crockett, being on the day of election, at one of the Hustings in Tennessee, and having heard two able opponents address the people, was at a loss how to attract their attention to the remarks he intended to make, and called the gentleman who had last spoken, how he should effect his object: to which the gentleman replied (intending to quiz) to mount that stump and cry a Bear to be skinned." Davy taking his opponent literally, mounted the stump and sung out, '*a Bear to be skinned!*'

'Friends, fellow citizens, brothers and sisters: on the first Tuesday preceding the next Saturday, you will be called on to perform one of the most important duties that belongs to free white folks. On that day you will be called on to elect your members to the Legislature, your members to the senate, and your members to Congress; and finding that in times of grand political commotion like these, it becomes you to be well represented, I feel no hesitation in offering myself as a candidate to represent such an honorable, high minded, and magnanimous free white set—if I do, I wish I may be d—d.

'Friends, fellow citizens, brothers and sisters: Carroll's a statesman—Jackson's a hero, and Crockett's a *Horse!*—Friends, fellow citizens, brothers and sisters—they accuse me of adultery, it 's a lie.—If it is 'nt, I wish I may be d—d. I never run away with another man's wife that was'nt willing, in my life. They accuse me of gambling, it 's a lie—for I always plunks the cash. Finally, friends, fellow citizens, brothers and sisters, they accuse me of being a drunkard, it 's a darn'd eternal lie—for whiskey can't make me drunk.—If it can, I wish I may be d—d.'"

A case has lately been brought before the judges at Marseilles which we believe is still a sore puzzle to the gentlemen of the law in France. The parties are a celebrated Spanish female singer who is familiar to the public in the characters of Rosina and Rosa,—and the keeper of a hotel where she had lodged. The heroes of this important process are certain grill disposed rats, who not having the fear of the Code Napoleon before their eyes, committed divers acts of waste and devastation upon the silk and muslin of Senora Leonito Garcia's dresses. This lady has brought her action against the innkeeper for damages.—The latter pleads in his defence that he is master only of the hotel, and not of the rats. The case is still *sub judice*, the learned judges having doubts whether rats are a part of a man's family, in the eye of the law.

The Turkish Sultan a short time since ordered a magician of high repute to be sent for, with a view of consulting him as to the event of the war with Russia, and the part which would be taken in it by France and England. The magician brought four fighting cocks, naming each one to represent a nation. He placed the champion of Turkey in the centre of the ring and set Russia, England and France around him. These last instead of setting upon the mussulman, immediately flew at one another, and the four were soon in a melee together. Finally Turkey, as one might have expected in such a case, came off victorious. From this combat the magician pronounced that the Sultan would beat the Muscovites, and France and England cry *ciliaus!* (brave.)

☞ Lovers of fun are recommended to hunt up an article on our last page, entitled "Insects." The chapter on "Courtship" will be apparent enough to every reader without being particularly designated.

FOREIGN.

From Columbia and Mexico. Capt. Bolstere, of the brig Seraphine, which arrived at Baltimore on the 4th inst. in 16 days from Chagres, informs that on the 11th of August, a Government vessel arrived from Guayaquil at Panama, the Captain of which came down bearing despatches from Bolivar.—Nothing official had transpired; but the verbal report of the officers and others on board was, that *Bolivar had just entered Guayaquil* when they sailed—*the Peruvian army having abandoned it some days previous*, after destroying or carrying off every thing like ammunition or articles of war and were then at Piura.

There had been a revolution in Bolivia. Gen. Gamarra had sent the President of Bolivia, Gen. Lamar, on board a vessel sailing for Chili, with private orders to shoot him on the passage. Gen. Santa Cruz had been elected President of Bolivia, and had dissolved the Congress. It was the general opinion at Panama that there was much important information suppressed by the officers and others who arrived in the vessel at Panama. Capt. B. came in the cutter with the schr. Spartan, whose Capt. informed him that previous to having left Havana, part of the men of war and transports had returned from Tampico after landing and taking possession of that place—he further stated, that the Mexican troops had immediately joined the Spanish army, and the Spaniards had met no resistance in landing.

Letters have been received at Philadelphia from Vera Cruz via New Orleans, dated July 21. The embargo had been taken off, and all the vessels allowed to depart. Letters at Vera Cruz from Campeachy, dated July 23, say the invading fleet had not yet appeared, and the country was quiet.

From Europe. A few items of foreign news have been received at New-York, by the Columbia, from London, which brought papers to July 31.

A Paris paper says, "It seems that the sum of 175,000,000 francs, which has been offered to the Spanish Government for the conquest of Mexico, would be produced by a loan, to be made by the ancient possessors of that country, who have been expelled from it.

Accounts from St. Petersburg say to July 16. News had been received there from Tiflis of a new victory gained over large bodies of Turks on the 14th June, who had accumbled in the defile of Poston. The enemy lost their camp, a large quantity of ammunition and provisions, 400 prisoners, five standards, and all their artillery. The Turks whose force amounted to 16,000 men, lost 1200 in killed and wounded. The Russian loss was small. Count Paskewitsch was still at Kars, but was preparing to attack the Seraskier himself, who, with an army of 60,000 men, was about forty miles from that fortress.

The contents of the continental journals received this morning, says the London Courier of July 31, lead us to expect some very important accounts from the theatre of war in the east.

A French paper mentions a rumor from Constantinople that the Porte had already rejected the protocol of March 22d, relative to the affairs of Greece, but the rumor is not credited.

Arrests, trials, and confiscations continued in Portugal.

The public mind continues to be agitated by reports of changes about to take place in the British ministry,—all agreeing that the present Lord Chancellor must go out, and many asserting that Mr. Huskisson must come in.—The Courier states that all the rumors relative to the anticipated changes in the Cabinet are utterly false.

Paris papers of July 27, state the following as the new appointments in the French ministry:—M. Peligneu, to be President of the Council: Mr. Hernshon, Minister of Finances; Mortignac, at the head of Foreign Affairs; Debellegrave, Minister of the Interior. The other Ministers to remain as before.

A coroner's inquest had been held in England on the body of a prize fighter named Frederick Hightower, and a verdict of manslaughter rendered against Wm. Davis as principal to the seconds of the greater.

It was reported at Lisbon that the ship of the line Juan V. had been much damaged by the fire of the batteries of Tarcirra. She was obliged to cut her cables and escape.

Gen. Gerstner is said to be making preparations for the assault of Nicopolis.

Count Capo d'Istria, President of Greece, had issued a Proclamation, convoking the national Congress at Argos on the 15th of July.

A letter from Constantinople of June 28, stated that a general subject of conversation was the extraordinary honor with which the new British minister (Sir Robert Gordon) had been treated by the Turkish Government.

Two Brazilian frigates had arrived at Portsmouth,—the Imperatrice and Isabel,—both in the best order, and with full and well disciplined crews.

GOSSIP.

"Tithe light as air."—Otello.

O Omiad! The Statesmen have left the city for the South. We understand they are highly pleased with the attentions paid them here, but are of opinion that the Bostonians are the most mediocre of all the barbarians they have seen.

A Dark Day-book. The house of Roger Ely & Sons in England has failed for £600,000. It is supposed their creditors will receive forty shillings in the pound.

Conjugal Affection. When the account of Bonaparte's death reached England, Lord Castlereagh ran with the news to the king. "Your Majesty's greatest enemy is dead," said he, out of breath. "The devil she is!" exclaimed the loving monarch.

Madame Malibran Garcia. This celebrated performer has engaged to play for six months at Paris, for 80,000 francs and a benefit.

Doctrine of Forces Illustrated. A gentleman deeply enamoured of a lady who strongly disliked him and rejected his advances, was lately referred to as an illustration of the *attraction of repulsion*.

Effects of Quackery. A lady in West Newbury who slept in a room on the ground floor, was last week frightened into a fit of hysterics by the quacking of a number of ducks, who somehow or other contrived to waddle into her bedroom in the morning. Poultry have grown prodigiously uncivil.

Tart Reply. Monsieur Rissole, a confectioner in New-York being affronted by one of his customers, threw an enormous cranberry tart in his face. The *patissier* was fined three dollars and fifty cents for the bloody business. It spoiled a muslin neckcloth, a dickey, the moiety of a silk vest, and a pair of mustachios.

Canvas backs. The wooden images which have been set up in the State House Square at Philadelphia, which were originally designed to be placed against a wall or in a niche, have had their rough and misshapen backs sides covered with canvass, nailed loosely on, and then puckered up so as to represent drapery.

Niagara Falls. The best answer on this subject I remember to have heard of, was made by a gentleman who had just been at Niagara, and on his return was appealed to by a party he met on the way going to the Falls, who naturally asked him if he thought they would be disappointed. "Why, no," said he, "not unless you expect to witness the sea coming down from the moon."—*Hall's Travels in the U. States.*

Mummies. The mountains in this neighborhood, called Goorna, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead; and notwithstanding the havoc which during some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire-wood to the whole neighborhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin lids, which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures, were usually seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes, as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had appeared.—*Mrs. Lushington's Narrative.*

To a Correspondent. A calm and admirably written letter from Roxbury, by an Anti-Mason, commenting upon the remarks in our last on the Anti-Masonic Meeting, is received. Had it come to hand a little earlier in the week, we should have found room for it to-day, with some observations of our own. We shall probably give it a place next week, omitting such portions as the writer in his postscript is unwilling should be made public.

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Corner Stone,	Duxbury,	Monday.
Montgomery,	Midway & Hancock,	Monday.
Rising Sun,	Hancock,	Monday.
St. Paul's Chapter,	Boston,	Monday.
Boston Encampment, K. T.	Boston,	Wednesday

Marriages.

In this city, Rev. Ichabod Pollard, of Rochester, N. Y. to Christiana Rumm.

By Rev. Mr. Knowles, Thomas Gould, Jr. to Lydia Ann W. Tuel, both of this city.

In Hartford, Charles Francis Adams, Esq. son of ex-President Adams, to Abby B. daughter of the Hon. Peter C. Brooks.

In Greenfield, Michael Medley to Hannah Bagley.

In Haverhill, Moses M. Chase to Sarah P. Adams.

In Gloucester, Capt. Samuel Chickering, of Charlestown, to Lucy C. Pedrick.

In Saxon Parish, Gloucester, Reynolds Robson to Mary Poole.

In Northboro', Hollister Hall, of Sterling, to Hannah W. Knowlton.

In Spencer, Luther Monroe to Phebe Robbins.

In Medford, C. M. Budd, merchant, of this city, to Abigail S. Kendall.

In Marlboro', by Rev. Seth Alden, Wm. Holyoke, aged 24, to Lydia Parkman, aged 20.

In Hartford, Henry C. Dudley, of New-York, to Mary Davis, daughter of the late Hon. Job G. Davis.

In North Kingston, Orlando G. Stillman, of Westerly, to Martha, daughter of the late John Hazard, Jr. of Newport.

In Portsmouth, by Rev. Mr. Bumpus, Capt. Wm. A. Rice, to Emily Pearce, daughter of Stephen P.

John M. Gourly, of Portsmouth, to Jane M. Randall, formerly of Portland.

In Keene, Capt. Ambrose A. Fraser to Sarah D. Bradford, all of K.

In Walpole, Reuben B. Rogers to Hannah Newell, both of W.

In Gardiner, Joseph R. Wilson, formerly of Portland, to Emma P. Lincoln.

In New-York, Dist. Attorney Bennett to Elizabeth L. Walker.

In Albany, Lieut. James T. Sherman, of the U. S. Navy, to Elizabeth Kay.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, Harvey Vinall, merchant, to Elizabeth P. Stickney, daughter of Wm. Stickney, Esq. of Salem.

Deaths.

In this city, Margaret Gardner, aged 83; Ann Hosmer, aged 58; Eleanor Marshall, aged 69; Richard Gardner, aged 62.

Ann C. Jackson, aged 19; George W. Sumner, aged 23.

Mary Edwards, aged 20; Mary Giddings aged 28.

James Phillips, aged 66; Francis T. Gleason aged 28.

Eleanor Atkins, aged 31; Robert Barker, aged 64.

Harrison H. aged 19 months, youngest son of Wm. Spurr.

George R. Harrison, aged 28.

In Dorchester, on Sunday, at the residence of his father, the Hon. William Gardner, James Gardner, Esq. Counsellor at Law, of this city.

The members of the Independent Company of Cadets are requested to wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days, as a mark of respect for the memory of their deceased brother, Junius Gardner.

G. W. PRATT, O. S.

In Charlestown, Gerry Pettingill, aged 62.

In East Cambridge, Elizabeth E. wife of Joseph N. Bowe, Jr. aged 27.

In Roxbury, Israel T. Wells, aged 3 years, son of the late Captain Nathaniel W. He was formerly well in one of his grandfather's pastures, supposed to have fallen in which he died.

In Brighton, Nathaniel Gilbert, aged 78.

In Holliston, Lucy, aged 76, wife of the late Captain William Wilson.

In Plymouth, Rev. Josiah Dunn, aged 63.

In Lexington, John Robinson, Jr. aged 37, eldest son of John Robinson.

In Framingham, widow Martha Hagelyer, aged 81.

In Dorchester, widow Bathsheba Tucker, aged 85.

Mary Loraine, daughter of R. G. Shute, aged 15 months.

Mary Dewey, aged 18.

In Portsmouth, Ann Maria Clark, aged 32, daughter of John G.

In Augusta, John R. Smith, of Pittsburg, aged 28.

Daniel Haviland, aged 28.

In Bucksport, Henry C. son of Rev. Stevens Bracett.

In Liverpool, Wm. Augustus Bridge, eldest child of James H. Lescombe.

In Shaftsbury, Vt. Asa G. Dewey, Esq. aged 39, son of Rev. Reuben Dewey, late of this city.

In Bennington, Vt. Lucy Ann, wife of Rev. Thomas Whittemore, and 30 days. She was the mother of 10 children, 8 of whom were living and present at her funeral. Her youngest child entered upon eternal glory on the same day.

In Providence, Miss Mary Ann Bowen, aged 19 years.

In Boston Harbor, Capt. Thomas Hall, of the ship Ann Alexander, on his passage from Batchelder's for Boston.

On board brig Ann, on the passage from Batchelder's for Boston, Allen Rand, aged 19.

On board brig Ann, 10th ult. on her passage from Mount Desert to New York, Miss Polly Rand, dau. of Reuben, late of Gouldsboro.

In New-Orleans, Capt. Rufus B. Adams, of New-York.

On the 30th August, Lucinda L. Clarke, of Newcastle, many of the Revolution.

In Boston Harbor, July 15th, Andrew B. Bradbury, late of Gouldsborough, aged 23.

JUST published at the office, corner of Washington and School streets, the Christian Examiner and General Review, for September, 1828.

Art. I.—1. An Oration delivered on the 5th of July, 1828, in the city of Boston. By Joseph M. Wightman.

2. An Oration delivered before the Citizens of Roxbury, July 4, 1828. By William Sharp.

Art. II.—Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By S. A. Swaine.

Art. III.—Sermons by the late Rev. Joseph M. Buckminster, now first published from the Author's Manuscript.

Art. IV.—The Last Summer on a Farm in Kent-shire. With other Poems. By Mrs. Lawrence.

Art. V.—1. A Sermon occasioned by the death of Thomas Hollis, Esq. By Jeremiah Hunt.

2. A Sermon preached at the Lecture in Boston, April 1, 1731, before his Excellency, the Governor, and the General Court, upon the occasion of the death of the much honored Thomas Hollis, Esq. the great benefactor to this Province, and to the Colleges and Churches in New-England. By his Friend and Correspondent, Benjamin Colman.

3. A Sermon preached at the Public Lecture, Tuesday, April 8, 1731, in the Shell of Harvard College, in Cambridge, N. E. upon the occasion of the death of Thomas Hollis, Esq. of London, the most bountiful Benefactor to that Society. By Edward Wigglesworth, D. D. and Hollis Professor of Divinity.

4. A Public and Universal Blessing recommended in Humility and Charity on all the Memorial Words; a mind to the Readers of Harvard College, April 7, 1731, upon the news of the death of Thomas Hollis, Esq. of London, the most bountiful Benefactor to that Society. By Isaac Greenwood, A. M. Hollisian Professor of Philosophy and the Mathematics.

5. A Poem on the death of the late Thomas Hollis, Esq. By Sayer Rudd.

Art. VI.—1. Fourth Annual Report of the American Unitarian Association, read and accepted May 28, 1828, with the Addresses at the Annual Meeting.

2. The Second Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance. Presented January 28, 1828.

3. First Annual Report of the General Union for Promoting the Observance of the Christian Sabbath, adopted May 19, 1828.

sept 11

District of Massachusetts, to wit: District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty fifth day of July, A. D. 1828, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Caleb Bingham, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit;

"The Little Philosopher, or the Infant School at Home. No. 1. By Evesore."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an Act entitled 'an act supplementary to an Act, entitled An Act, for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

sept 11 6

WORCESTER ON ATONEMENT. The Atoning Sacrifice, a Display of Love.—Not of Wrath. By Noah Worcester, D. D. Just published and for sale by CARTER & HENDEE, corner of Washington and School streets, where subscribers are requested to call and receive their copies. sept 18

CATALOGUE OF PLANTS. Just published and for sale by CARTER & HENDEE, a Catalogue of Plants, growing without cultivation in the vicinity of Amherst College. By Edward Hitchcock, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in College. sept 11

STORY'S DISCOURSE. Just published and for sale by CARTER & HENDEE, a Discourse pronounced upon the Inauguration of the Author, as Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, on the Sabbath of August, 1828. By Joseph Story. sept 11

FRENCH (Paris made) SHOES. Just received, per Clematis, an additional supply of superb French SHOES, consisting of Ladies' Morocco and Glazed Kid Walking, and Dress shoes, black pumpsills, bronze, bid, black and white satin, and black silk. All of which are of a very superior quality and offered at very reduced prices, by

ISAAC WILLIAMS,
sept 11 4f No. 169, Washington street.

FOR SALE at the Office of the New-England Galaxy, a few complete sets in four numbers of the Spirit of Contemporary Poetry, Vol. I. American Edition. These numbers comprise the most popular poetical works of Coleridge, and of Southey Complete. No. 1. Contains choice selections from the "Ancient Mariner;" of the first named author; No. 2. of "The Ballads of the Ancient Mariner;" No. 3. Cruiswell, "Scottish Border" and other poems; No. 4. "The Boston Minstrel," "Ancient Poetry," with "Ballads of the Aqueduct," "The Falconer," &c. &c. This edition is printed in fine, on beautiful paper, and with new types. The publication is now complete, and those who wish to possess the whole or a part of the work, can now procure it. sept 11

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS. CARTER & HENDEE have just received a few copies of the following late London publications.

Progress and Prospects of Society, by R. Sibthorp, Esq.

Sermons by the Rev. W. Jones; with a life of the author, and portrait, 1 vol. 8vo.

Journey through Norway, Arctic Lapland, &c. by the Rev. W. Brown, 1 vol. 8vo.

Discourses on the Parables, by the Rev. J. Hodgkin, 1 vol. 8vo.

Mansford's Scripture Geography, improved, 1 vol. 8vo.

Sermons by the Rev. F. Franklin, 2 vol. 8vo.

Thresh's Letters to the poor, 1 vol. 8vo.

Cunningham's Critical Examination of Psalms.

Moody's Station to Infidels, 1 vol. 8vo.

Essay on Truth, Revelation, Miracles, and Inspiration.

Sharpened on the Divine Origin of Christianity, 2 vols. 12mo.

Account of Indians and Arts, 2 vols. 8vo.

Aids to Reflection, 2 vols. 12mo.

Vallery, or Poems, 2 vols. 12mo.

The Irish Annual, 1 vol. 12mo.

Sweetser's Layer of Leisure Hours, 12mo.

Sermons by Rev. Robert Hall, M. A. 1 vol. 8vo.

Sermons by the Rev. Hugh White, 1 vol. 8vo.

Sermons by the Rev. Hugh White, 1 vol. 12mo.

Sermons by Rev. Hugh White, 1 vol. 12mo.

The Life and times of Frederick, King of Prussia, 2 vols. 8vo.

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History of Greece, Library of Useful Knowledge, 1 vol. 8vo.

A Glance at Europe, by J. Bowring, 1 vol. 8vo.

Fables, chiefly for Young Children, 8 vo. 12mo.

Chemistry as Connected with Agriculture, 1 vol. 12mo.

Tales of a Grandfather, 3 vols. 12mo.

Clouds and Sunshine, 2 vols. 12mo.

Historical Pictures of Society, 2 vols. 12mo.

The Gift on Union, 1 vol. 12mo. sept 11

AGENCY OFFICE. City of Washington.—The undersigned continues to transact business in the line of his agency of all descriptions. The prompt attention to the claims of Soldiers and Pensioners, and the settlement of accounts of deceased officers and Pensioners, will be his particular attention, at his office in and within the District of Columbia, or Baltimore, personally or by letter, addressed to the subscriber, post paid, immediately.

J. P. HALE.

Gen. J. P. Van Ness, } Washington.
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Wm. Tunnel Sawyer, Virginia.
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Ellicott Mumford Esquire, city of New-York.
sept 11 3

THOMAS P. CUSHING, Esq. A. Killey, attorney, office for sale on reasonable terms, the dwelling house of Mrs. Abby Frost and Miss Ruth Goddie, in the upper part of Roxbury, adjoining the lot of land on which the subscriber now resides. sept 11

EUROPEAN LEECHES. The subscriber has made such arrangements as will enable him to furnish Leeches regularly imported with the greatest medical Leech. He has now on hand some of very large size, which are for sale.

BENJAMIN WEST, at Milk corner, opposite Bromfield's Lane. Physicians paid to Physicians and families. sept 11

MONSIEUR A. JUBEL, Professor of Penmanship, Gentlemen Assistant of the Public Schools in this city, and has the honor to inform his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy of Penmanship, where he will teach the art of writing with all possible dispatch. A subscription paper is now open at the Store of Messrs. Carter & Hendee, in Washington street, No. 24, where gentlemen are requested to call and subscribe.

There will be two quarters each year, and the terms for the whole course will be Ten Dollars, to be paid in advance.

The terms with the different rounds, and the manner the theoretic power before mentioned, is explained in the plan.

Mons. A. Jubel, from the long experience and success in qualifying many persons in this city, and from the satisfaction he has given to his former pupils, feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.

When the number of pupils will justify it, a Writing School, Room, and will open the evening with a private Academy of Penmanship, to which subscriptions will be received at the Store above named. sept 4

FRENZI. For sale at the Office, a small collection of Mind Mozart's celebrated Symphony Frenzi, with its accompanying expression. sept 4

HALL'S TRAVELS, HILLARD, GRAY & CO. have just received and for sale, Travels in Canada and the United States, in 1816 and 1817. By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. 2 vols. sept 4

EXERCISES IN WRITING FRENCH, designed to the French Academy, or Elements of French Composition. By William B. Fowle, Instructor of the Municipal School, Boston. Just received and for sale by HILLARD, GRAY & CO. sept 4

Literary Miscellany.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Lander's Literary Characters. This work is a remarkable exemplification of the strength and weakness of the human mind. It abounds with [illegible] sidewinds originality, tottering stateliness, barrenness of style, and fertile exuberance—it is spoiled and rendered doubly unpalatable by an utter want of keeping, of discrimination and discretion. Mr. Lander's mind is far from barren in feeling or in vocabulary, but quite the reverse, and, (which might be) the useful growth of these, above every thing, springs up a luxuriant crop of caprice, dogmatism, extravagance, hasty-assertion, prejudice, and most ludicrous arrogance. Thistles and like flowers in corn, these, however they may disturb the passenger's eye, shrink up the harvest, and mock the hope of the husbandman. We are not ignorant of the school to which our author belongs; and could name other writers who, in the course of a laborious life, and in productions numerous and multiform—some recent and suited to the times, some long and luckily forgotten—in odes, inscriptions, madrigals, epics—in essays, histories, and reviews,—have run into as many absurdities and as many extremes: But never did we see bound up in the same volume, close packed, and pointed with all the sprightliness of style, the utmost number of contradictions, glaring one another in the face, and quarrelling for the precedence. Mr. Lander's book is a perfect "mixture and digest" of inconsistency; it is made up of mere antipathies of nature and of reasoning. It is a chef-d'œuvre of self-opinion and self-will, struggling whatever is otherwise sound and excellent in principle, defacing whatever is beautiful in style and matter.

If it be true (as has been said) that

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

we know few writers that have higher or more unequivocal pretensions to this way than the author of "Imaginary conversations." Would it be believed, that, travelling seriously on all his sticky and sleepless, his epistle of Tiberius as a man of sentiment, who retired to Capri merely to indulge a tender melancholy on the death of a beloved wife? and will have it that Nero was a most humane, amiable, and deservedly popular character—not arguing the points to doubtful or susceptible of question, but assuming them, *in passant*, as most absolute and peremptory conclusions—as if whatever was contrary to common sense and common feeling carried conviction on the face of it? In the same page he assures us, with the same oracular tranquility, that the conflagration of Rome, and the great fire of London, were both wise and voluntary measures, arising from the necessity of purifying the cities after sickness, and lowering no narrow streets in their centre! He spells the words *foreign* and *sovereign*, "foren" and "soveren," and would go to the stake, or send others there, to prove the genuineness of these orthographies, which he adopts on the authority of Milton; and put his shoulder Bonaparte for being the ape of Antiquity, and talking about Miltiades. He cries up Mr. Leslie as "the most elegant of English prose writers," for no other reason (as we apprehend) than that he has often been considered the latest so; and compares Dr. Johnson's style to "those article of dress which the French have lately made quite full," (a pair of pantaloons,) "divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind." He pronounces sentence upon the last works of two ancient writers, Demosthenes and Menander, that the former would be worth all the philosophical remains of antiquity, and the latter not be worth [illegible] he can have [illegible]; his skill to decide unprovoked, and without any positive ground of opinion, and that spirit of contradiction standing him in lieu of all other conviction. Bailie, according to one critic, had not a particle of wit, sense, or taste; Pope, to the core, was of a different opinion; and we take it to be just possible that Bolton would [illegible] himself indemnified by the homage of the one for the scorn of the other! He speaks of Pitt as a poor creature, who did not eat all kinds of meat; and of Fox as a charlatan: and then modestly in reference to some history he is writing, that he trusts, "Posterity will not confound him with the Caxtons and the Foxes of the age!" He determines that Alfieri was the greatest man in Europe, though his greatness has not yet been generally acknowledged. This, however, is nothing to that reason that Mr. Lander vouchsafes for it, because whether he was right or not, [illegible] on his own mind. It is a fine thing to be one of the regulars of Fame!—With equal modesty and candour he declares literary men to be as much creatures of luck and hinge as those last sell to the consumer of their wares. In a dialogue between Prince Maximilian and General Colli-Marzoli, he makes the Greeks [illegible] the use of fire-arms; and on this unprincipled assertion, we suspect, he would sacrifice the Greek cause,—or any other. He has a hit at Lord Byron, and another at Mr. Thomas Moore, and a compliment to Lady Morgan. He considers Rousseau as a miracle, only because no man with so little talent ever gained such an extraordinary; and curiously with the qualifications [illegible] that he did; that, as if determined to [illegible] no party and have all the world against him, he takes care to inform the readers in the [illegible], that in the most remarkable English victory in the last fifty years, "the prudence and skill of the commander (Wellington) were altogether unerring." Believing it as a proof of Bonaparte's stupidity, that "he knew nothing of judicial astrology, which Louis constantly consulted in it, and flattered its credit under it with success, as easily as the hero covers with the lilies." He tells us, that "he did his utmost in pursuing this tyranny to death, unprovoked, and without an object but to gratify his own [illegible] that there never [illegible] to be dead, "he is ready for it." So [illegible], in his on this score, that he is for [illegible] Louis XIV. as He is [illegible] to have been "content the sovereign punishment in the Place de Greve was Tyranny."

The [illegible] are thirty-six in number, and on a great variety of material and interesting subjects. The style of [illegible] sometimes rich and varied, without being ornamental; and a great deal of character, and occasionally of humour, is thrown into the mouths of the different speakers. We give the following, between Maria Antonia and Lady Jane Grey, as one of the most pleasing, and as a relief to the severity and harshness of our introductory speculations.

"Antonia. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into eternity and great wonder. God hath willed it so: submit to the dispensation. Thy affections are rightly placed and well disciplined. Love is a momentary punish to those who love men, a prolongation to those who love boys. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honour in a greater: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted minds. * * * * Alas! alas!

"Jane. What clouds my virtuous Antonia?—what is amiss? why do I tremble?

"Antonia. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, although thou art wiser than thy poor old mentor. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that suspends his suppose-omnipotents, but it is because thy tender heart having always learned affectionately upon goods, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

"Jane. I have well bethought me of all thy duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair labour! must [illegible] me, wouldst thou command me to converse as did Cicero and Epicurus and Polybius? the subject! oh resign me to thee: they use quiet for the colour and for the gravel walk; but leave me, I beseech thee, my friend and father, leave me to me, for my forehead and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

"Antonia. Read them on thy marriage bed, on thy child bed, on thy death bed! Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well! These are the men for men; these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane, whom God ere day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom * * * * Mind thou thy husband.

"Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the tenderest, the most solicitous affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget, at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. O never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

"Antonia. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

"Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

"Antonia. Ah, Jane, Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

"Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures * * * * O what treasures! * * * * On which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

"Antonia. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his fairy, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well, sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheeks; and if ever he meditate on power, toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse. Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in the woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade." II. 54.

We must say we think this Dialogue is [illegible] *con amore*. It is imbued with the very spirit of some of those old writers, where "all is conscience and tender heart." Mr. Lander's over-anxious mind reposes on the innocence of youth and beauty, on the simplicity of his subject, on the reverence due and willingly paid, because silently exacted to age and antiquity! Even the quaintness, the abruptness, the wanderings and the puerility, are delightful, and happily characteristic. While we are in good humor with our author, we will extract another conversation of the same period, and distinguished by the same vein of felicitous imitation, in the sentiment of which we also go along with him heart and hand,—that between Elizabeth and Burleigh, on the wise subject of Spenser's pension.

"Elizabeth. I advise thee again, churlish Cecil, how thou calledst most uncourteously a whining stripling of good and noble parts the [illegible]. Why, blood! shall the lady that doth my gentle head shuffle the smock over my head, or the lord that reardeth my chair's back while I eat, or the callet that looketh to my back towards four [illegible] day, be listings by me in higher esteem and esteem than he who hath placed me among the greatest of past times, and will so lastly and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future.

"Cecil. Your Highness must remember he [illegible] the fourth fully the sum doubled [illegible] a year of twelfpit measure, and a butt of canary wine.

"Elizabeth. The measure are not snow-white, a pair of grooms and a pair of prideyes, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a blast. The salaries are given to much many other they may not incline nor be obligated to any other lawful occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner these times may be always in our hand a succession of these heirs of Fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted facilitiousness, nor in learned and mystical language, but in homely and rustic vein, some verses which have moved me; and haply the more so, inasmuch as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been [illegible] his adversities. Read them.

"Cecil. How sweet is love when neither heave nor eye
Runs wrigent flashes or flaking flame deviates;
When boyhood with quick cheek hath ceased to sky
The darkness ripple in the yellow leaves;

"When, springing from the turf where youth reposed,
We shall not discern in the downright shore;
When the hasty hand of Fancy hath not closed,
And done tracing human shape will yield no more.

"Elizabeth. The child Edmund hath also forsaken unto the unseren at Arras, John Blanpain, at my account, a description for some of his contingent wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self, indeed at his [illegible] request; but set forth by him with figures and flowers, and daintily enough handiwrought. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a little arithmetic [illegible] Dian * * * an matter * * * by which good help have fared the better for it. * * * This gentle wife, God help them! when did they ever sit short about them? Read the penny, my secretary, and concluding very awkwardly and uneasily.

"Cecil. Where forms the form, with its head heaven
And solid blossom, many flowering lips,
When heavenly children swirl continental glances
The darkness wave [illegible] valley lights.

"On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
On every opposite, and twenty suns around * * * *
Lo! [illegible] Dian, * * * * from the valley hung
Hither she fled, [illegible] she [illegible] the mound.

"Unhappy youth, whom direful [illegible] words
Drew to those bowers, whom sore darkness to fly,
There hideful dogs before him rend'd their heads,
And rendered rapid wonder'd at their head eye.

"Forth issuing the favorite * * * * with fear unnerved
Too late the Goddess bid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every rock stung-spirited,
And dashed upon the heads the waters wide.

"On the green head and crested fret they flee—
Lo! slender heads and branching horns appear!
The last marred voice not quite the favorite knew,
But beyond and fastened on the upbraiding deer.

"For he, chaste Goddess, for these not shot wast,
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon;
Alas, that vengeance dwells with chaste chaste * * * *

"Elizabeth. Pshaw! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended . . . . . pitifully, pitifully.

"Cecil. I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the afforested penny hath cheated your Highness; for I have seen palmers, I know not where, the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as his cable them, and more dogs. So could I shatter as a page of poesy doth never still thy shades, nor [illegible] my pence string.

"Elizabeth. I have read in Plinius and Mela of a realist near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an enlightened torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such a jetty to be celebrated as the decorations of my court: in simpler words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not, from the dampish of flowers, give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening and lowering in "cold obscurities" that lamp of literature and genius. I presently with my reign to be remembered; I [illegible] others different from what they are, I [illegible] as ardently wish it to forgotten. These are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and purposely shut up self-fecate their fame, when God has commanded them to stand up on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the father of his substance; tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey, its most faithful progenitor and most firm support? The parent gives us few days until sorrowful; the past many and glorious; the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues. A page of penny is a little matter—be it so—but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble—it shall win to if full many a pound and flighty one, that more thrivelty and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast board—but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovran dwell together, next year they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy seal is an ass—what then?—The keeper of my poultry yard is a Caesar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him; what is not natively his own, falls off and comes to nothing. I desire in future to bear no contempt of gentlemen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them, as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council chamber. If Alexander was the Great, what was Aristotelus who made him so? who taught him every art and science he knew, except three, those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom friends. Come along; I will bring these back again hearts' home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a sonnet; but Edmund, if ever chance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me an wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such wits for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle—he complains of Fortune, not of Elizabeth—of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved, so help me God, he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, purvey unto him those twelve silver-spoons, with the spaniels on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver him his bond those twelve large golden pieces, enduing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom:—besides which put upon before him with due reverence this bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God towards those who without in patience for his blessing;—and this pair of crumbling silked hands, which thou knowest I have worked sadly thickness, [illegible] daily [illegible] his footpath to your into good and sufficient [illegible], at my sole charges, by the Holiness [illegible] at Christmas-Come." I. 91.

We think that this is a very pleasant and brave "footing," and that our author has hit off the [illegible] pedantic tone of the Maiden Queen well.—The sentiment with which Elizabeth ended in the following Dialogue, to request the Muses to assume the Muses of Homer, and the personage she is ready to entreat to [illegible] as the most agreeable and prominent class of [illegible]-chroniclers, must be considered as characteristic of the person and the age, and not attributed to the author. *His* [illegible] [illegible] to epitomize the [illegible] of the present age, nor can he be suspected of representing poets as destined to nothing higher than to be daughters upon the great. He has put his opinion on this subject beyond a doubt.—*Edinburgh Review.*

INSECTS.

There is a species of insect sometimes to be met with on the coast of Kent and Sussex, which has never been described in any system of entomology that I ever saw. Its form is generally very slender; it walks on its hinder legs, with a quick, skimming gait; its face is narrow, pale and smooth, although in some subjects it slightly resembles that of mankind; its teeth are remarkably white, and always exposed; it prattles in a dialect that [illegible] English; and it wears a broad bobbed black French straw hat, a blue coated [illegible], narrow unbuttoned Spanish leather [illegible], cravat. These may appear very strange things for an insect to wear, but nevertheless such is the fact, and moreover it emits a strong odor of musk and rum de Cologne, especially in the morning when it first comes out of its hole. It delights to keep mad dancer shops among the fishes; though it is never seen with one lady alone—probably from an instinctive fear that a single lady might attempt to watch it slyly, and deprive it of its liberty. But whenever ladies congregate in companies on [illegible] grounds, or in public [illegible] rooms, [illegible] shops, or [illegible] rooms, it will hover about them as though it were quite conscious of their coming; and yet, should a [illegible] approach the group to which it has attached itself, it instantly flutters away to some other group, just as a butterfly flutters from one flower to another, before the rude presence of the gardener. The ladies, generally, seem to be mightily pleased with it, and often employ it in various little manners. It will fetch and carry for them, particular their orders to their performers; skip to the Master of the ceremonies about their ball tickets; read the list of arrivals from the library books to them; newspapers all the news newspapers, and carry them to their tables, whether they want them or not; bow down to the breeze and enquire the way of the wind; open and shut their parasols, carry their reticules; curling pomatum; polish [illegible] shells; and [illegible] a [illegible] sandal ribbons to perfection; in return for all which small services, they will sometimes (when they have no [illegible] creatures in [illegible] attendance upon them,) set it astride upon a little pony and let it ride out with them "of a morning."—Gentle reader, "dost [illegible] this matter [illegible]—If thou dost not, thy sister is the worst gracious; for it is a vice to know him," albeit there are many such to be found, in [illegible] places, all along shore, any warm day between the beginning of July and October. I have heard many ladies converse on [illegible] of this kind under the name of Pelitoe—"some other *petite Papillon de mer*"—But I met with one at Margate, about three weeks ago, that the ladies, there, called *Sylvia*; and a very fine one it was, only it lisped so that it could not pronounce what appeared to be its own proper name, and called itself—THYLVIA. It had got a hurt in its eye by some—but, gentle reader, with your leave, it shall tell its own tale in its own way; and then you will have a better notion of the thing than you could have by any description of mine.

It came fluttering into Bentley's library, one fine morning, and upon library in Bentley's squinny and perceiving a bevy of ladies busily exchanging their tickets for trinkets, it settled down amongst them.

Good Heavens, Sylvia (exclaimed the ladies) —why do you wear that green shade over your eye?

O Miss Crippath, (it replied)—O Miss Davids! don't ath me: Thilpath'th afternoth's deshtroyed! O Mithtithly Miller—you can't conthieve—

Gracious me! conceive what!—Do tell us, there's a dear Sylvia—tell us how it happen'd—are you seriously hurt?

Veith!—replied the Sylvia—lifting up its little green shade.

Good gracious what an eye!—poor Sylvia!—but do tell us, there's a dear!—tell us how it was!

Why the fact ith ith'th—I'always with with Windsher thoup you,know, and yesterday morning I left a thequence of Windsher thoup on my wath hand thand; but, when I went to bed at night, thumbody had taken it away; and—

Dear me!—only think how vastly disagreeable!

"Pon my honour it'th true"—they had taken it quite away, and put common white thoup instead of it!—The (query, no) I opened my chamber door, and called "Molly!—Molly chambermain!" but nobody thpoke.

How provoking!—what uncommonly improper creatures they are at these inns!

Oh, Mith Davids you have no idea!—but you shall hear:—nobody anther'd me, and I could hear nothing but thumbody theering lamenthably—

What, all gone to bed, I suppose?—Sorry, unpleasantly ridiculous!

That even, Mith Crippath:—though indeed, it with rather late, [illegible] I'd been thitting up copying that thweet hanthill for Mith Finemore, you know.—Well, I called "Molly!—Molly chambermaid!—Molly!"—agleakly in that manner, a great many time'th; and presthently, thumbody in an inmoath grief, with, thaid—"What the plague are you bawling about?" "I want my thoup!" thaid I—"thumbody'th taken away my Windsher thoup!"—"I confound your and your thoup too. Go to bed, you fool!" thaid the great gruff with. But I with determined to perthevere—for I didn't understand why I thould with mythelf with common white thoup, when I had a new thequence of Windsher thoup of my own. "Molly!" thaid I again;—"Molly chambermaid!—I want my thoup. I want my Windsher thoup, Molly." But Molly didn't come; and I with juthe going to get it up in dishabille, when I heard a rumbling noith at the far end of the paath, bringing and—"there'th a thoup for you!" thaid the thoup gruff with, and I recthieved it thmack in my left eye!!!

Good gracious, Sylvia, you dont say so!—and what was it.

Why a leg of thoup—with I thuppoth'd'd, for I didn't thtop to pick it up there, but got into bed with them with [illegible]—after I could pick them out all, for the inthupportable pain of it; and thigh morning my eye with all thwell'd up ath you thee, and there with thith great leg of thoup lying by my chamber door.

Good gracious me!—What a wretch!—Poor Sylvia! &c. exclaimed the ladies, as they surrounded the "leg of thoup" to all which the Sylvia responded—"Yeth—and it ith a'n. What their thoup, indeed!—much there I leth them.—*Magnet.*

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